BLEINHEIM,

A

POEM,

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

ROBERT HARLEY, Esq;

LONDON,

Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1705.

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FRom low and abject Themes the Grov'ling Muſe
Now mounts Aerial, to ſing of Arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts
Of *Britain*'s Heroe; may the Verſe not ſink
Beneath His Merits, but detain a while
Thy Ear, O HARLEY, (thô thy Country's Weal
Depends on Thee, thô mighty *ANNE* requires
Thy hourly Counſels) ſince with ev'ry Art
Thy ſelf adorn'd, the mean Eſſays of Youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing Genius to the Muſes Seat:
Therefore Thee firſt, and laſt, the Muſe ſhall Sing.

LOng had the *Gallic* Monarch uncontrol'd
Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Human Force
Opponent ſlightly thought, in Heart elate,
As erſt *Seſoſtris*, (proud *Ægyptian* King,
That Monarchs harneſs'd to his Chariot yok't,
(Baſe Servitude!) and his dethron'd Compeers
Laſht furious; they in ſullen Majeſty
Drew the uneaſie Load.) Nor leſs he aim'd
At Univerſal Sway: For *WILLIAM*'s Arm
Could naught avail, however fam'd in War;
Nor Armies leagu'd, that diverſly aſſay'd
To curb his Pow'r enormous; like an Oak,
That ſtands ſecure, thô all the Winds employ
Their ceaſeleſs Roar, and only ſheds its Leaves,
Or Maſt, which the revolving Spring reſtores:
So ſtood he, and Alone; Alone defy'd
The *Europæan* Thrones combin'd, and ſtill
Had ſet at Naught their Machinations vain,
But that Great *ANNE*, weighing th'Events of War
Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee choſe,
Thee, CHURCHILL, to direct in nice Extreams
Her banner'd Legions. Now their priſtin Worth
The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change

Sweet Native Home for unaccuſtom'd Air;
And other Climes, where diff'rent Food and Soil
Portend Diſtempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilſome, unfatigu'd with Length
Of March, unſtruck with Horror at the ſight
Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high ſtretching Hills,
All White with Summer Snows. They go beyond
The Trace of *Engliſh* Steps, where ſcarce the Sound
Of *Henry*'s Arms arriv'd; ſuch Strength of Heart
Thy Conduct, and Example gives; nor ſmall
Encouragement GODOLPHIN, Wiſe, and Juſt,
Equal in Merit, Honour, and Succeſs,
To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to ſerve
The Beſt of Queens:) He, of the Royal Store
Splendidly frugal, ſits whole Nights devoid
Of ſweet Repoſe, Induſtrious to procure
The Soldiers Eaſe; to Regions far remote
His Care extends, and to the *Britiſh* Hoſt
Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, O CHURCHILL, at thy wiſht Approach
The *Germans*, hopeleſs of Succeſs, forlorn,
With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer
New animated rouſe; not more rejoice

The miſerable Race of Men, that live
Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Froſts
Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keeneſt Breath,
Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky,
When firſt the Sun with New-born Light removes
The long incumbent Gloom; gladly to thee
Heroic Laurel'd EUGENE yeilds the Prime,
Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt
In Military Honour next, althô
His deadly Hand ſhook the *Turcheſtan* Throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands
Victorious; on thy pow'rful Sword alone
Germania, and the *Belgic* Coaſt relies,
Won from th'encroaching Sea: That Sword Great [*ANNE*
Fix'd not in vain on thy puiſſant Side,
When Thee Sh'enroll'd Her Garter'd Knights among,
Illuſtrating the Noble Liſt; Her Hand
Aſſures good Omens, and Saint *George*'s worth
Enkindles like Deſire of high Exploits.
Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War
Rowl in thy eager Mind; thy Plumy Creſt
Nods horrible, with more terrific Port
Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the Fight.
What Spoils, what Conqueſts then did *Albion* hope

From

From thy Atchievements! yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
Her boldeſt Vows, exceeded what thy Foes
Could fear, or fancy; they, in Multitude
Superior, fed their Thoughts with Proſpect vain
Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what
From ranſom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One
Jovial his Mate beſpoke; O Friend, obſerve,
How gay with all th'Accoutrements of War
The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come
Thus far, our Prey, and tempt us to ſubdue
Their recreant Force; how will their Bodies ſtript
Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures ſate
Their Maws with full Repaſt! Another, warm'd
With high Ambition, and Conceit of Proweſs
Inherent, arrogantly thus preſum'd;
What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood
Of baſe Antagoniſts, with griding Edge
Should now cleave ſheer the execrable Head
Of CHURCHILL, met in Arms! or if This Hand,
Soon as his Army diſarray'd 'gins ſwerve,
Should ſtay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,
Confounded, and appal'd! no trivial Price
Should ſet Him free, nor ſmall ſhould be My Praiſe
To lead Him ſhackl'd, and expoſe to Scorn

Of gath'ring Crowds the *Briton's* boaſted Chief.

Thus They, in ſportive mood, their empty Taunts
And Menaces expreſt; nor could their Prince
In Arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious Speech
Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons*? why
Decline the War? ſhall a Moraſs forbid
Your eaſie March? Advance; we'll bridge a Way,
Safe of Acceſs. Imprudent, thus t'invite
A furious Lion to his Folds! that Boaſt
He ill abides, captiv'd in other Plight
He ſoon reviſits *Britanny*, that once
Reſplendent came, with ſtrech't Retinue girt,
And pompous Pageantry; O Hapleſs Fate,
If any Arm, but CHURCHILL's, had prevail'd!

No need ſuch Boaſts, or Exprobations falſe
Of Cowardice; the limitary Mound
The *Britiſh* Files tranſcend, in evil Hour
For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate.
And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,
Signal of Onſet, Reſolution firm
Inſpiring, and pernicious Love of War.
The adverſe Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,

Collecting all their Might; for on th' Event
Decisive of this bloody Day depends
The Fate of Kingdoms: With less Vehemence
The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,
Cæsar, and *Pompey*, on *Pharsalian* Plains,
Where stern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,
Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One.
Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,
Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,
Bold Champion! brandishing his *Noric* Blade,
Best temper'd Steel, successless prov'd in Field!
Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry
Presumptuous comes: Here CHURCHILL, not so [prompt
To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins
With EUGENE's *German* Force. Now from each Van
The brazen Instruments of Death discharge
Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds
Of Smoak sulphureous; intermix't with these
Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiss,
Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring
Surprizing Slaughter; on each side they fly
By Chains connex't, and with destructive Sweep
Behead whole Troops at once; the hairy Scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous Trunks bestrow

Th' enſanguin'd Field, with latent Miſchief ſtor'd
Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by ſudden Burſt
Diſploding murd'rous Bowels, fragments of Steel,
And Stones, and Glaſs, and nitrous Grain aduſt.
A Thouſand Ways at once the ſhiver'd Orbs
Fly diverſe, working Torment, and foul Rout
With deadly Bruiſe, and Gaſhes furrow'd deep.
Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds
Diſdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,
Spurn their diſmounted Riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhoſtile Wounds deſtroy'd.

Thus thrô each Army Death, in various Shapes,
Prevail'd; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore
Lye clotted; lifeleſs Some: With Anguiſh Theſe
Gnaſhing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder Din
Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and ſolemn Sound
Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale
Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were ſeen,
None of Retreat: As when two adverſe Winds,
Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
Roars ſtormy, they together daſh the Clouds,

Levying their Equal Force with utmoſt Rage;
Long undecided laſts the Airy Strife.
So they, incens'd: 'Till CHURCHILL, viewing where
The Violence of *Tallard* moſt prevail'd,
Came to oppoſe His ſlaught'ring Arm; with ſpeed
Precipitant He rode, urging His Way
O'er Hills of gaſping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds
Rowling in Death: Deſtruction, grim with Blood,
Attends His furious Courſe. Him thus enrag'd
Deſcrying from afar ſome Engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring Charge, deſign'd
By One nice Shot to terminate the War.
With Aim direct the levell'd Bullet flew,
But miſs'd her Scope (for Deſtiny withſtood
Th' approaching Wound) and guiltleſs Plough'd her Way
Beneath His Courſer; round His Sacred Head
The glowing Balls play innocent, while He
With dire impetuous Sway deals Fatal Blows
Amongſt the ſcatter'd *Gauls*. But O! Beware
Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life
Expoſe the *Britiſh* Safety: Hath not *Jove*
Already warn'd Thee to withdraw? Reſerve
Thy ſelf for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid
EUGENE, with Regiments unequal preſt,

Awaits; This Day of all His Honours gain'd
Deſpoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune
Defends not the ſad Hour: Permit not Thou
So Brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd
To bite the Ground unnoted.—Swift, and Fierce
As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce
The yielding Wing; in *Gallic* Blood again
He dews His reeking Sword, and ſtrows the Ground
With headleſs Ranks; (ſo *Ajax* interpos'd
His Sevenfold Shield, and ſkreen'd *Laertes*'s Son,
For Valour much, and Warlike Wiles Renown'd,
When the inſulting *Trojans* urg'd Him ſore
With tilted Spears:) Unmanly Dread invades
The *French* aſtony'd; ſtraight Their uſeleſs Arms
They quit, and in Their ſwift Retreat confide,
Unſeemly Yelling; diſtant Hills return
The hideous Noiſe. What can They do? or how
Withſtand His Wide-deſtroying Sword? or where
Find Shelter thus repuls'd? behind with Wrath
Reſiſtleſs, th'Eager *Engliſh* Champions Preſs,
Chaſtiſing tardy Flight; Before them rowls
His Current ſwift the *Danube*, Vaſt, and Deep
Supream of Rivers; to the frightful Brink,
Urg'd by compulſive Arms, ſoon as they reacht,

New Horror chill'd Their Veins; devote They ſaw
Themſelves to wretched Doom; with Efforts vain,
Encourag'd by Deſpair, or Obſtinate
To Fall like Men in Arms, Some dare renew
Feeble Engagement; meeting Glorious Fate
On the firm Land; the Reſt diſcomfited,
And puſht by MARLEBOROUGH's avengeful Hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood:
Bands, numerous as the *Memphian* Soldiery
That ſwell'd the *Erythræan* Wave, when Wall'd
The Unfroze Waters marvelouſly ſtood,
Obſervant of the Great Command: Upbore
By frothy Billows Thouſands float the Stream
In cumbrous Mail, with love of farther Shore;
Confiding in their Hands, that ſed'lous ſtrive
To cut th'outragious Fluent: In this Diſtreſs,
Ev'n in the ſight of Death, Some, Tokens ſhew
Of fearleſs Friendſhip, and their ſinking Mates
Suſtain; vain Love, thô laudable! abſorpt
By a fierce Eddy, They together ſound
The vaſt Profundity; their Horſes paw
The ſwelling Surge, with fruitleſs Toil: Surcharg'd,
And in his Courſe obſtructed by large Spoil,
The River flows redundant, and attacks

The lingring Remnant with unuſual Tide;
Then Rowling back, in His Capacious Lap
Ingulfs Their whole Militia, quick immerſt.
So when ſome ſwelt'ring Travellers retire
To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunleſs Verge
Of *Paraba*, *Braſilian* Stream; Her Tail
Of vaſt Extenſion, from Her watry Den,
A griſly *Hydra* ſuddenly ſhoots forth,
Inſidious, and with curl'd invenom'd Train
Embracing horridly, at once the Crew
Into the River whirles; th' unweeting Prey
Entwiſted roars, the parted Wave rebounds.

Nor did the *Britiſh* Squadrons now ſurceaſe
To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moiſt Element a ſcorching Death,
Pierc'd ſinking; Shrouded in a dusky Cloud
The Current flows, with livid miſſive Flames
Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,
Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th' Swift-footed Son
Of *Peleus* to his baleful Banks purſu'd
The ſtraggling *Trojans*: Nor leſs Eager drove
Victorious CHURCHILL His deſponding Foes
Into the deep Immenſe, that many a League

Im-

Impurpl'd ran, with guſhing Gore diſtain'd.

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,
Mighty in Conflict, reſcu'd harraſt Pow'rs
From Ruin impendent, and th' afflicted Throne
Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,
Suſtain'd. With prudent Stay, he long deferr'd
The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout
An Hoſt diſparted; when, in Union firm
Embody'd, They Advanc'd, collecting All
Their Strength, and worthy ſeem'd to be ſubdu'd;
He the proud Boaſters ſent, with ſtern Aſſault,
Down to the Realms of Night. The *Britiſh* Souls,
(A Lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On *Landen*-Plains, this Heav'nly Gladſome Air,
Exult to ſee the crouding Ghoſts deſcend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares
Of Mortal Life, and Drink th' Oblivious Lake.
Not ſo the New Inhabitants; They roam
Erroneous, and diſconſolate, Themſelves
Accuſing, and their Chiefs, improvident
Of Military Chance; when lo! They ſee,
Thrô the Dun Miſt, in Blooming Beauty freſh,
Two Lovely Youths, that Amicably walkt

O'er Verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
ANNA's late Conqueſts; One, to Empire Born,
Egregious Prince, whoſe Manly Childhood ſhew'd
His mingled Parents, and portended Joy
Unſpeakable; Thou, His Aſſociate Dear
Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
Had thy preſiding Star propitious ſhone,
Shouldſt CHURCHILL be! But Heav'n ſevere cut ſhort
Their ſpringing Years, nor would, this Iſle ſhould boaſt
Gifts ſo Important! Them the *Gallic* Shades
Surveying, read in either radiant Look
Marks of exceſſive Dignity and Grace,
Delighted; 'till, in One, their Curious Eye
Diſcerns their Great Subduer's Awful Mien,
And Correſponding Features Fair; to Them
Confuſion! Straight the Airy Phantomes fleet,
With Headlong Haſte, and Dread a new Perſuit;
The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muſe; the ſadly-pleaſing Theme
Leave, with theſe Dark Abodes, and Re-aſcend
To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait
The Conqu'ror, and fav'd Nations joint Acclaim.
Hark, how the Canon, inoffenſive Now,

Gives Signs of Gratulation; ſtruggling Crouds
From ev'ry City flow; with ardent Gaze
Fixt, they behold the *Britiſh* Guide, of Sight
Inſatiate; whilſt His Great Redeeming Hand
Each Prince affects to touch reſpectful. See,
How *Pruſſia*'s King tranſported Entertains
His Mighty Gueſt; to Him the Royal Pledge,
Hope of his Realm, commits, (with better Fate,
Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave
Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to ſhew
The Skill and Rudiments auſtere of War.
See, with what Joy, Him LEOPOLD declares
His Great Deliverer; and courts t'accept
Of Titles, with ſuperior Modeſty
Better refus'd. Mean while the Haughty King
Far humbler Thoughts now learns; Deſpair, and Fear
Now firſt he feels; his Laurels all at once
Torn from his Aged Head, in Life's extream,
Diſtract his Soul; nor can Great *Boileau*'s Harp
Of various ſounding Wire, beſt taught to calm
Whatever Paſſion, and exalt the Soul
With higheſt Strains, his languid Spirits cheer:
Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breaſt

But who can tell what Pangs, what ſharp Remorſe
Torment the *Boian* Prince? From Native Soil
Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear Embrace
Of weeping Conſort, and depriv'd the Sight
Of his young guiltleſs Progeny, he ſeeks
Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land;
Deplorable! but that his Mind averſe
To Right, and Inſincere, would violate
His plighted Faith: Why did he not accept
Friendly Compoſure offer'd? or well weigh,
With Whom he muſt Contend? Encount'ring fierce
The *Solymæan* Sultan, he o'erthrew
His Moony Troops, returning bravely ſmear'd
With Painim Blood effus'd; nor did the *Gaul*
Not find him once a baleful Foe: But when,
Of Counſel raſh, new Meaſures he perſues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he ſees
Too late his Error, forc'd t'implore Relief
Of Him, he once defy'd. O Deſtitute
Of Hope, unpity'd! Thou ſhould'ſt firſt have thought
Of perſevering ſtedfaſt; now upbraid
Thy own inconſtant Ill-aſpiring Heart.
Lo! how the *Nyric* Plains thrô Thy Default,
Riſe hilly, with large Piles of ſlaughter'd Knights,

Beſt

Beſt Men, that War'd ſtill firmly for their Prince,
Thô Faithleſs, and Unſhaken Duty ſhew'd;
Worthy of Better End. Where Cities ſtood,
Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Deſolation Reigns,
And Emptineſs, diſmay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The Widow, and the Orphan Strole around
The Deſart wide; with oft retorted Eye
They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains
Of Manſions, once their own (now loathſome Haunts
Of Birds obſcene), bewailing loud the Loſs
Of Spouſe, or Sire, or Son, e'er Manly Prime
Slain in ſad Conflict, and complain of Fate
As Partial, and too Rigorous; nor find
Where to Retire themſelves, or where Appeaſe
Th'afflictive keen Deſire of Food, expos'd
To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of Savage Beaſts.

Thrice Happy *Albion!* from the World disjoin'd
By Heav'n Propitious, Bliſsful Seat of Peace!
Learn from Thy Neighbour's Miſeries to Prize
Thy Welfare; Crown'd with Nature's Choiceſt Gifts,
Remote Thou hear'ſt the Dire Effect of War,
Depopulation, void alone of Fear,
And Peril, whilſt the Diſmal Symphony

Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.
Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here
Engages mighty Hosts in wasteful Strife;
From diff'rent Climes the Flow'r of Youth descends
Down to the *Lusitanian* Vales, resolv'd
With utmost Hazard to Enthrone their Prince,
Gallic, or *Austrian*; Havoc dire ensues,
And wild Uproar: The Natives, dubious whom
They must Obey, in Consternation wait,
'Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their Liege.
Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard
On the mild *Latian* Shore; what Sighs and Tears
Hath EUGENE caus'd! How many Widows curse
His cleaving Faulchion! Fertile Soil in vain!
What do thy Pastures, or thy Vines avail,
Best Boon of Heav'n! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd
With Olives, when the Cruel Battel mows
The Planters, with their Harvest immature?
See, with what Outrage from the frosty North,
The early Valiant *Swede* draws forth his Wings
In Battailous Array, while *Volga*'s Stream
Sends Opposite, in shaggy Armor clad,
Her Borderers; on mutual Slaughter bent,
They rend their Countries. How is *Poland* vext

With Civil Broils, while Two Elected Kings
Contend for Sway? Unhappy Nation, left
Thus free of Choice! The *Engliſh*, undiſturb'd
With ſuch ſad Privilege, ſubmiſs Obey
Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Revrence due,
Not Thraldom, in fit Liberty ſecure.
From Scepter'd Kings, in long Deſcent deriv'd,
Thou *ANNA* Ruleſt, Prudent to promote
Thy People's Eaſe at home, nor Studious leſs
Of *Europe*'s Good; to Thee, of Kingly Rights
Sole Arbitreſs, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs
Sue for Relief; Thou bid'ſt Thy CHURCHILL go,
Succour the Injur'd Realms, Defeat the Hopes
Of Haughty LOUIS, unconfin'd; He goes
Obſequious, and the dread Command fulfils,
In One Great Day. Again Thou giv'ſt in Charge
To ROOK, that He ſhould let that Monarch know,
The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd
Is Thine; behold! with winged Speed He rides
Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main, t'aſſert
Thy liquid Kingdoms; at his near Approach
The *Gallic* Navy, impotent to bear
His Volly'd Thunder, torn, diſſever'd, ſcud,
And bleſs the friendly interpoſing Night.

Hail,

Hail, Mighty QUEEN, reſerv'd by Fate, to Grace
The New-born Age; what Hopes may we conceive
Of future Years, when to Thy Early Reign
Neptune ſubmits his Trident, and Thy Arms
Already have prevail'd to th'utmoſt Bound
Heſperian, Calpe, by *Alcides* fixt,
Mountain Sublime, that caſts a Shade of Length
Immeaſurable, and Rules the Inland Waves!
Let Others, with Inſatiate Thirſt of Rule,
Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties
Of Leagues, and Oaths; this Thy peculiar Praiſe
Be ſtill, to Study Right, and Quell the Force
Of Kings Perfidious; let them learn from Thee,
That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd
Shall with Succeſs be Crown'd, where Juſtice fails.
Thou with Thy own Content, not for Thy Self,
Subdueſt Regions; Generous to Raiſe
The Suppliant Knee, and Curb the Rebel Neck;
The *German* Boaſts Thy Conqueſts, and Enjoys
The Great Advantage; nought to Thee redounds
But Satisfaction from Thy Conſcious Mind.

Auſpicious QUEEN, ſince in Thy Realms ſecure
Of Peace, Thou Reign'ſt, and Victory attends

Thy [illegible] Ensigns; with Compassion view
Europe Embroild; Still Thou (for Thou Alone
Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms, Ire,
Reciprocally ruinous, Say Who
Shall weild th' *Hesperian*, Who the *Polish* Sword,
By Thy Decree; the trembling Lands shall hear
Thy Voice, Obedient, left Thy Scourge should bruise
Their Stubborn Necks, and CHURCHILL in his Wrath
Make Them Remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus shall the Nations, Awe'd to Peace, Extol
Thy Pow'r, and Justice; Jealousies and Fears,
And Hate Infernal banisht shall retire
To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* Coasts,
Or *Tartary*, Engend'ring Discords fell
Amongst the Enemies of Truth; while Arts
Pacific, and Inviolable Love
Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days
Returning! In perpetual Tenor run
Delectable, and Shed your Influence Sweet
On Virtuous *ANNA*'s Head; ye Happy Days,
By HER restor'd, Her Just Designs compleat,
And, mildly on HER Shining, Bless the World.

Thus from the Noisy Croud exempt, with Ease,
And Plenty blest, amid the Mazy Groves,
(Sweet Solitude!) where Warbling Birds provoke
The Silent Muse, delicious Rural Seat
Of SAINT JOHN, *English Memmius*, I presum'd
To Sing *Britannic* Trophies, inexpert
Of War, with mean Attempt; while He intent
(So *ANNA*'s Will Ordains) to Expedite
His Military Charge, no Leisure finds
To String His Charming Shell; But when Return'd
Consummate Peace shall Rear Her Chearful Head,
Then shall His CHURCHILL in Sublimer Verse
For Ever Triumph; latest Times shall learn
From Such a *Chief* to Fight, and *Bard*, to Sing.

FINIS.

Page 6. line 16. for *Limitary* read *Military*, p. 19. l. 22. f. *Navy* r. *Navies*.